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# Woodland Mary

Author Unknown

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# Barney Bralaghans Courtship

J. CATNACH, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court.

**T**WAS on a windy night,  
At two o'clock in the morning,  
An Irish lad so tight  
All wind and weather scorning,  
At Judy's Callaghan's door,  
Sitting upon the pallings;  
His love tale he did pour,  
And this was part of his wailings—  
Only say,

You'll have Mr. Brallaghan,  
Don't say nay,  
Charming Judy Callaghan.  
Oh list to what I say,  
Charms you've got like Venus;  
Own your love you may,  
There's only the wall between us;  
You lay fast asleep,  
Sung in bed and snoring,  
Round the house I creep,  
Your hard heart imploring,

Only say, &c

I've got nine pigs and a sow,  
I've got a sty to sleep 'em;  
A calf and brindled cow,  
And got a cabin to keep 'em,  
Sunday hose and coat,  
An old grey mare to ride on,  
Saddle and bridle to boot,  
Which you may ride astride on.

I've got an old Tom-cat,  
Thro' one eye is staring;  
I've got a Sunday hat,  
Little the worse for wearing;  
I've got some gooseberry wine,  
The trees had got no riper on;  
I've got a fiddle fine,  
Which only wants a piper on.

I've got an acre of ground,  
I've got it set with pratees;  
I've got of backey a pound,  
And got some tea for the ladies;  
I've got the ring to wed,  
Some whiskey to make us gaily,  
A matrass feather bed,  
And a handsome new shielah.

You've got a charming eye,  
You've got some spelling and reading,  
You've got and so have I  
A taste for gentle breeding.  
You're rich, and fair, and young,  
As every one's knowing,  
You've got a decent tongue,  
Whene'er 'tis set a-going,  
For a while till death,

I am willing to take ye—  
But, oh, I waste my breath,  
The devil himself can't wake ye;  
'Tis just beginning to rain.  
So I'll get under cover,  
I'll come to-morrow again,  
And be your constant lover. Only say, &c



## WOODLAND MARY.

J. CATNACH, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court,  
7 Dials.—Sold by T. Batchelar, 14, Hack-  
ney Road Crescent; noyse, Brighton, &c.  
Sold by J. Pierce, Southborough.

**W**ITH sloe black eyes and jet black hair,  
Cheeks like the rose and arms all bare  
With teeth so white and dimple chin,  
And bosom fair and pure within.  
A small straw hat so loosely tied,  
A little basket by her side,  
All filled with berries red and blue,  
And little buds of many a hue  
She step'd as light as any fairy,  
I met the little Woodland Mary.

If you sweet maid wilt come with me,  
My little servant maid to be,  
And those soft notes you sweetly sing,  
Repeat unto my nursing young,  
And leave those hills so bleak and wild,  
To nurse and tend my darling Child,  
To cherish her I fondly love,  
And if to her you'd tender prove,  
And o'er her tender steps be wary,  
I'll treasure you my Woodland Mary.

O Lady, listen to my tale,  
And let my simple words prevail,  
My Mother's old, she's lame and poor,  
And scarce can walk unto the door,  
Ah! me she loves her only joy,  
She has no other Girl or Boy.  
And while she lives with her I'll stay,  
And think of you when far away,  
She says the grave will rest the weary,  
And then I'll be your Woodland Mary.